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REMARKS

~~8/21/95~~

8/28/95 (TIME MAGAZINE)

JEROME JOHN GARCIA S.F. 53 year
 17 years old in Army Spanish born
 Joe Garcia

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■ SHOW BUSINESS

The Trip Ends

Jerry Garcia, the Pied and Tie-Dyed Piper of the Grateful Dead, dies at 53

By RICHARD CORLISS



THE FLAGS WERE AT HALF staff in San Francisco, and on one, a riot of colors replaced the traditional red, white and blue. It was the first tie-dyed flag to fly in front of city hall. The Bay Area was mourning the loss of its Papa Bear. Jerry Garcia, lead guitarist of the Grateful Dead, had died Wednesday morning at 53, reportedly of heart failure, after three decades of tunes and trips.

Thousands milled pensively at the corner of Haight and Ashbury streets, in the district where in 1965 the Dead first kicked open the doors of perception with its perky anthems to the Hippie Nation. The sweet sting of reefer smoke drifted from doorways, as Jerry's kids paid the revered pothead a small token of their esteem. A tree outside Ben & Jerry's ice cream parlor (where a flavor is named Cherry Garcia) was adorned with photos, scarves and roses, many roses.

At this impromptu shrine, a griever named Creek left a rock he had found on a nearby beach. "I hope Jerry's happy," he said. Creek, who has attended nearly 200 Dead concerts, is four years old. The boy's mother, Kathy, 23, watched over him through her dreadlocks. "I hope he remembers this day," she murmured. "It's a special thing—to feel all the love."

In cities all over the U.S., this gentle elegy was replicated. More than 4,000 people massed in Los Angeles' Griffith Park, passing out LONG LIVE THE DEAD bumper stickers in Merry Prankster green and creating a huge circle of drum players and mourner-celebrants. One sign read, "Fare thee well, fare thee well, we miss you more than words can tell." In Manhattan's Central Park, 700 Deadheads gathered under the full moon at the memorial to another fallen

idol, John Lennon. In Washington, where more than 300 souls converged on the Lincoln Memorial, Rush Jones, 25, spoke his anxiety in prime Dead style. Garcia's death marked "the end of a chapter of my life," he said. "Not with a dot, a period, but slammed shut, the ink still dribbling from the page."

Why all this lamentation, at Lennon or Presley volume, for the leader of a group that in 30 years had exactly one Top 10 single (1987's acerbic but hummy

lacking that night. Deadheads came for that inspiration, and found it in the roly-poly guitarist with a missing middle finger on his strumming hand. Garcia was the soul, the sound—by common consent, the head Dead.

"I can't remember anything like it," says Ken Kesey, the post-hipster novelist (*One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*) and legendary ingester of psychedelic substances, who paints his old friend in heroic strokes. "Not Elvis, not John Lennon. The Beatles were great, but they were a studio band. And Elvis was great, but he was a good ole boy, not a revolutionary. Jerry has been a revolutionary, a warrior, as long as I've known him. He battled for the American soul, out there on the edge of a dangerous frontier—battling the forces of the Grinch, the forces of darkness. It was a typical old flower-child battle for the forces of good and mercy and gentleness and mischief. You can't work that frontier without getting into some danger now and then. The dire wolf finally got him."

Garcia's influence spanned generations and social strata. This veteran of the counterculture had plenty of friends in high places. Vice President Al Gore gave the Garcia gang a White House tour, and Tipper Gore hung out backstage at a Dead concert. Bill Weld, Massachusetts' Republican Governor, last week wore a black armband in memory of his favorite guitarist. Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont was a fan and a friend; last summer Leahy invited the Dead to the Senate Dining Room, where the band met that noted groupie Strom Thurmond. "Boy, Ah heah you're a rock star," the orange-haired solon said, pulling Garcia out of his chair with a jerking handshake and a whap on the arm. According to an observer, Garcia was nonplussed. "Even



Dark Star

In the evening of the day he died, thousands of mourner-celebrants held a candlelight vigil in Los Angeles' Griffith Park

Touch of Grey)? Well, for a few reasons. One is that the Dead was a phenomenon as a road band: it played before more people for more years than any combo in history. Another is that it was a time capsule for the élan of the '60s, hopeful and engaged, melodious and raucous. It was also the ragged champs of the art of improvisation. If rock musicians prove their wits by vamping, the Dead were Mensa masters. A single song, in its myriad tonal variations, could go on for the better part of an hour—or the worse part, if inspiration was

LOUISA GAUERKE—AP

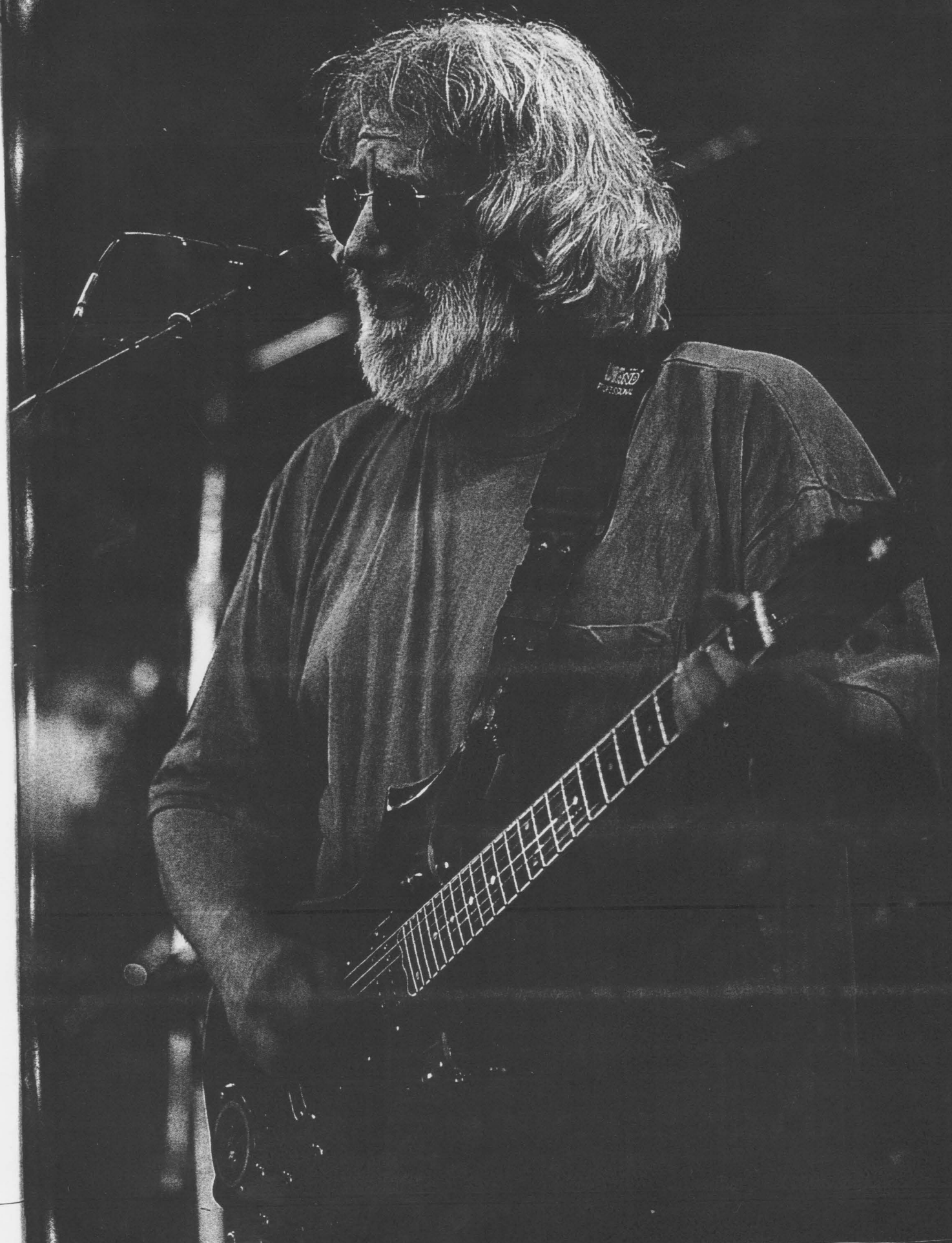
STEVE SCHNEIDER—SIPA

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STEVE SCHNEIDER—SIPA





back when I dropped acid," he remarked, "I never had an experience like that."

Though he often treated his body as a laboratory for exotic pharmacological experiments, Garcia was admired—with sensible reservations—by the nation's most famous noninhaler, Bill Clinton. In an MTV interview last week the President called him "a great talent." Referring to Garcia's heroin addiction, Clinton added, "He also had a terrible problem that was a legacy of the life he lived and the demons he dealt with ... You don't have to have a destructive life-style to be a genius."

This is a lesson learned too late by many rock stars. They get high on the double dream of being a sensitive poet and a swaggering stud—Rimbaud and Rambo. Garcia, who was no friend of the Soloflex, nonetheless fitted the mold of iconoblaster. In his drug taking he was a role model to some, a sacrificial totem to others. Wasn't he killing himself to create more beautiful music? That music was often swell, and as leader of the most fan-friendly band in rock, Garcia was a sort of secular saint of pop culture. But he stuffed himself with seductive toxins—and the myth of the bohemian king—until he burst. His epitaph could be three words: Great. Full. Dead.

Jerome John Garcia was born in San Francisco to a Spanish immigrant jazz musician and a nurse; they named the boy for songwriter Jerome Kern. When Jerry was nine, Joe Garcia died in a fish-

Truckin'

The band in New York, 1976: clockwise from right, Lesh, Garcia, Weir, Kreutzmann, Donna Godchaux, Mickey Hart, Keith Godchaux

ing accident. "He watched his father drown," Kesey notes. "That has always been in his music—the darkness, the next life. It reaches out, squeezes your shoulder, holds you close, and gives you strength to go on when you're grieving."

Except for painting, which he loved and worked at until his death, Garcia found any studies intolerable. He didn't bother finishing high school, enlisting in the Army at 17. Eight AWOLs and two courts-martial later, he was back on the San Francisco streets and hooked up with Robert Hunter, a coffeehouse habitué and, within a few years, the lyricist for Garcia's songs. He also met Bob Weir and

ELVIS COSTELLO

It becomes a story about the tie-dyed hordes of the '60s. And then you think, 'Well, what about the songs?' They wrote an awful lot of terrific songs.

Bill Kreutzmann, who would become the Dead stalwarts on rhythm guitar and drums. They formed a jug band, Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions, and when they went electric in 1965—Bob Dylan having proved it was

permissible for folkies to get plugged—they changed their name to the Warlocks. The year after, they were the Grateful Dead, from a folktale cycle about a reluctant corpse.

At first the Dead was simply the *n*th band in San Francisco's rock scene. But the group could write catchy songs with irony and sidewise angst—jingles for jangled nerves. *Ripple*, *Sugar Magnolia*, *Uncle John's Band*, lots of others offer sophisticated pleasures in a simple form. (Other pieces, played in eccentric signatures, are closer to cool jazz.) To the lyrics Garcia lent humanity with his frail tenor. "His voice was a picture of the American past," says singer-composer Elvis Costello. "You could call it sepia-tinted. It's like one of those great old Civil War pictures that is so sharp it shocks you how much detail it holds, yet at the same time it's not in color." As for Garcia's guitar playing, Costello says it "wasn't a question of virtuosity for its own sake, dazzling with millions of notes. It had a lovely tone and touch, and even when he played steel guitar, he added his personality and humor to it."

But mere musicianship doesn't make a band a legend. The Dead had this: Like no other group in the era of megamoney rock, Garcia's gang fused with its fondest listeners. In 1965 the group's first fan

club, with all of three members, called itself the Golden Road to Unlimited Devotion—a name that the Dead gratefully took as the title of the first song on its first album. Over time, Deadheads improvised their own vocabulary, infrastructure and code of honor. Mythologist Joseph Campbell said they were the most recently developed tribe on the planet.

Sometimes the tribe acts like Attila's. Last month violence erupted in Indianapolis, Indiana, when ticketless Heads stormed a fence around the venue. A few old hands say the culture has become more dissolute and mean-spirited. But for every thug, there are a dozen Deadheads ripe for a religious experience. Hey, everyone has to believe in something. And in this woozy age—when the spiritual and the secular often blend, and born-again Christians are rivaled in fervor by devotees of Elvis, Mr. Spock and Crow T. Robot—it was no surprise to see signs announcing that JERRY IS GOD.

One group of fans, the Church of Unlimited Devotion, had members, known as "Spinners," who performed dervish maneuvers at Dead shows, took vows of celibacy and purported to worship Garcia as a divinity. He tepidly indulged the Spinners, once telling *Magical Blend* magazine, "I'll put up with it until they come for me with the cross and nails."

Grateful Dead lyricist John Barlow, in a foreword to the indispensable handbook *Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads*, describes the fans' playful ardor as "a religion without beliefs." That sounds about right. For most Deadheads, a concert was a church they attended not so much for the gospel as for the communion and community, the hymns and the incense. A giant mushroom cloud of hallucinogenics would lay over the crowd like a fuzzy blanket.

Once, Dead was God; now God is dead. With rock stars, such news is a shock but not a surprise. Garcia, whose private funeral service was held Friday (the guest of honor attired in black T shirt and sweats), was the fourth Dead member to die. Three keyboard players preceded him: Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, in 1973 of



TODD BIGELOW—BLACK STAR

And We Bid You Goodnight

The revelers in Los Angeles might have ended their service with these words from an early Dead closing tune: "Lay down, my dear brother,/ Lay down and take your rest."

cirrhosis of the liver; Keith Godchaux, in 1980 after a car crash; and Brent Mydland, in 1990 after shooting a speedball—cocaine and morphine.

Garcia too was a suicidal adventurer. He did coke the way some people drink the stuff, and romanced heroin to the end. He was in and out of hospitals and rehab centers; in 1986 he fell into a coma. Last year he collapsed at his home and promised to reform. But that was not in his nature. "You're out there on the edge," Kesey says, "where it's beyond dangerous to your life—it's dangerous to your soul. And Garcia was on that edge for 30 years. It's like when the King

not turned themselves into career pilgrims. They go to Dead shows for good music and a great time. The older among them were kids of Garcia's generation, and in the '60s they enjoyed watching him living out their adolescent dream of cool: playing guitar, traveling the world, doing dope. Then, as these Boomers faced up to middle age—working hard and working out, with only the occasional nostalgic joint at a Dead show—they could also see Garcia mature and decay. They were Dorian Gray, and he was the picture. His belly ballooned; his skin was looser; his hair turned a ratty touch of gray. He looked as if he existed on peanut butter and peyote buttons.

If life is indeed a song, then Garcia and most of his older fans played it in different styles: studio version and free-form concert improv. Because the fans learned to play life straight, they will get by. Because he saw life as a long jam session leading to harmony or anarchy, he died—long after he might have, long before he should have. But as a force for good music and good vibes, Garcia can go to heaven and keep on truckin'. Like the song says, he will survive.

—Reported by Allison Andrews/San Francisco, Danielle Durkin and Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles, Tamala M. Edwards/Washington and David E. Thigpen/New York

KEN KESEY

Garcia has been a shaman of tremendous power. Now we're going to have to do it without him. If we're as good a pupil as he's been a teacher, we should know what to do.

wrote, the cover songs they chose, and of course the way in which they performed them—was something at once classical and ever-evolving. And although it's the aspect of their music that has always received the most attention, those lengthy, ethereal jams—there is, after all, nothing else vaguely like the Dead's "Dark Star" in all of popular music—were only a part of what it was ever all about.

The songs themselves, many of which did not incorporate jamming at all, and many of which Garcia co-wrote with Robert Hunter, wove together into a tapestry of alternate Americana. The Dead, particularly Hunter, didn't write love songs, didn't write sex songs and were rarely topical or obvious. And even when they came close to scraping traditional rock themes, their women—Loose Lucy, the girl with scarlet begonias tucked into her curls, Delilah Jones—were just a little bit off, no better adjusted than the Dead's men: Cosmic Charlie, the Candyman, Billy Sun-

day in a shotgun ragtime band. It's as if the Dead's cast of characters lived in some kind of Stephen King or *Twilight Zone* alternate universe, all knew each other and spent their Saturday nights having wild poker parties.

Hunter and Garcia more often concerned themselves with the effects of language on the music itself, and vice versa, rather than working up easily determined meanings to be extracted. While their tale songs could be taken at face value or investigated more deeply, as one would a mysterious, underground palace of riches, other songs were sheer poetics, to be savored for the usage of language itself. "A leaf of all colors plays a golden string fiddle to a double-e waterfall over my back" isn't exactly the stuff of which hit singles are made, but within the context of the chunky, calliope-like rhythms of "China Cat Sunflower," one of the Dead's most ebullient and durable songs, few within its sound would deny that those words fit like a glove.

Collectively, the Dead's song catalog painted a world of gamblers, drifters, pioneers and dreamers—not unlike the Dead community itself—that was well-understood and well-worn by its audience, even while outsiders were left scratching their heads. Snatches of lyric were applied by many a

Deadhead to his or her own life, taking from the myths within the words and fashioning from them the myth of the Grateful Dead.

Garcia's singing voice, simultaneously

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Jerry Garcia, 1942-1995

Jerry Garcia, guitarist, singer, songwriter and, for 30 years, leader of the Grateful Dead, died of an apparent heart attack on August 9 at the Serenity Knolls drug and alcohol treatment center in Forest Knolls, in northern California. Garcia, 53, had suffered health difficulties in recent years that had sidelined him and the band. In 1986, he slipped into a diabetes-related coma, but recovered. In 1992, he collapsed from exhaustion, and his doctor described chronic problems related to smoking and obesity. Again, Garcia recovered, losing weight and trying to adopt healthier habits. But as his presence at the treatment center indicated, one of the habits he was unable to overcome was drug addiction.

At the time of Garcia's death, the Grateful Dead was, as they had been for many years, the most successful touring rock band in the U.S. Though the group's record sales did not match its live appeal, the Dead regularly placed among the highest grossing road performers in the country, playing to a loyal audience of "Deadheads," many of whom followed them from city to city and, with their permission, taped every note they played. According to Pollstar, the Dead had grossed \$33.5 million so far in 1995, placing them second only to the Eagles (who charged significantly higher ticket prices).

The Dead, who had been on a hiatus since completing the summer leg of their annual tour with a stadium date at Soldier Field in Chicago July 9, had planned to launch a fall tour on September 13 in Boston, to run through October 22 in San Francisco. The tour has now been canceled. An archival album drawn from a German concert in 1972, *Hundred Year Hall*, remains scheduled to be released on October 3 by Grateful Dead/Arista Records. The Dead also had been recording a new acoustic studio album for release in 1996.

In the wake of Garcia's death, it was not clear whether the band would continue, and if so, in what form.

"It's the only decision we've made," spokesman Dennis McNally said of the tour cancellation on August 15. "Everything else is still up in the air." Although they have soldiered on following the deaths of three of their keyboardists—Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, Keith Godchaux and Brent Mydland—for many, the Grateful Dead was inconceivable without Jerry Garcia.

He was born Jerome John Garcia on August 1, 1942, in San Francisco. His parents were

Jose Garcia, a Spanish immigrant who was a professional clarinet player, and Ruth, who was of Irish and Swedish descent. They named their second son (Garcia had an older brother named Clifford and nicknamed Tiff) after the Broadway composer Jerome Kern. Before Garcia's birth, his father was involved in a dispute with the local musicians union and abandoned playing to work as a bartender, later opening his own bar.

When Garcia was four, he was maimed in an accident: his brother Tiff accidentally cut off the upper half of his middle right finger while the two were chopping firewood.

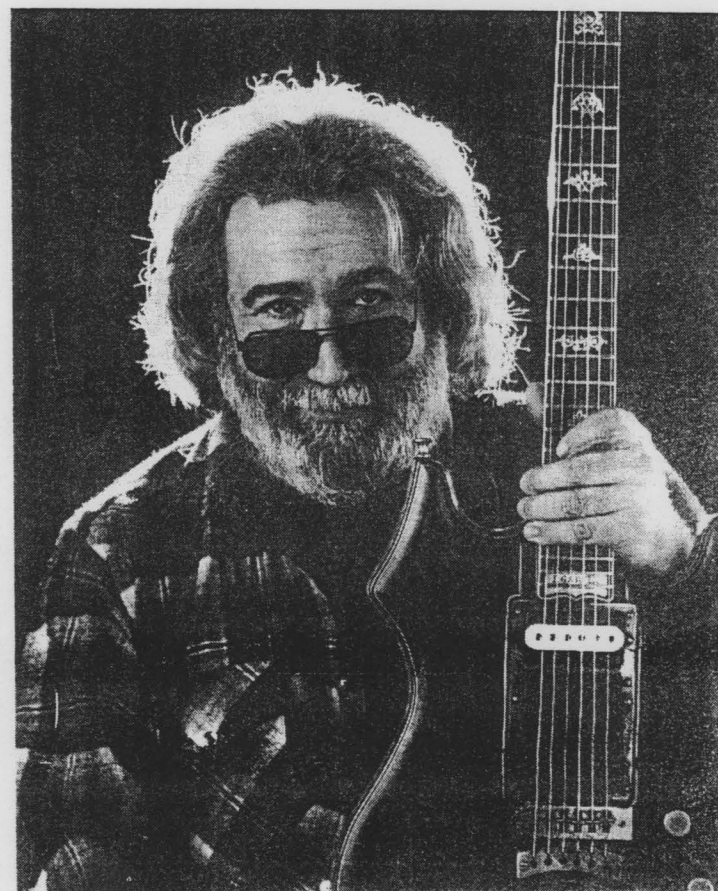
When he was five, Garcia watched as his father drowned in a river on a camping trip. Soon after, with his mother forced to work full-time at the bar, Garcia went to live with his grandparents for five years.

When Garcia turned 15 in 1957, his mother bought him an accordion for his birthday, but he took it to a pawn shop and returned with a Danelectro guitar.

Having dropped out of high school, Garcia went into the Army for a short time from 1959 to 1960, but he spent most of his time in the musical subculture in and around Palo Alto, California, where he met such friends as aspiring poet Robert Hunter, drummer Bill Kreutzmann, blues enthusiast McKernan (who he nicknamed "Pigpen") and teenage guitarist Bob Weir. Garcia performed in a variety of bluegrass groups, including the duo Jerry and Sarah, consisting of himself and his first wife, who he married in May 1963. (The marriage later ended in divorce.)

Garcia was working as a guitar teacher at the Dana Morgan's Music shop in Palo Alto and waiting for a student on the evening of New Year's Eve, 1963, when Weir and a friend dropped by. After a jam session, they decided they had the makings of a jug band. Over the next year, Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions played with a core trio of Garcia, Weir and Pigpen, plus assorted others. As the group evolved into more of a rock band following the success of the Beatles, Kreutzmann joined on drums and the band's name was changed to the Warlocks. By 1965, the Warlocks were a quintet completed by bass player Dana Morgan, the son of the owner of the music shop, but that summer, Garcia persuaded Phil Lesh, an electronic music composer, to replace Morgan, making up the original lineup of the Grateful Dead.

In the fall of 1965, the Warlocks began to play at parties hosted by novelist Ken Kesey



(*One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*), which, due to the heavy use of the then-legal psychedelic drug LSD at the events (Garcia himself was an admitted heavy acid user, crediting the drug with changing his life in many positive ways), evolved into the multi-media shows known as the Acid Tests.

They discovered that there was another band already using the name the Warlocks, and in searching for a new name, stumbled upon the phrase "Grateful Dead" in a dictionary. It refers to a genre of folktales in which a Samaritan arranges for the burial of a penniless stranger and then enjoys mysterious help from "the grateful dead." The group appeared under that name for the first time on December 4, 1965, at the first formal Acid Test in San Jose.

The Grateful Dead built up a following in the Bay Area, along with the growth of the San Francisco music scene in general, playing a mixture of blues, R&B, rock and country covers and a growing repertoire of originals that grew out of their extended onstage jams. Like such fellow performers as Quicksilver Messenger Service and Jefferson Airplane, their development of "acid rock" depended on extended guitar soloing, provided by Garcia.

The Dead signed initially to the local Scorpio Records label and released their debut sin-

gle, "Stealin'" / "Don't Ease Me In," in June 1966. They then signed a record contract with MGM Records, which taped their shows at the Avalon Ballroom, though no recordings were released at the time.

(Subsequently, MGM would release *Vintage Dead* and *Historic Dead* on the Sunflower Records subsidiary.)

Toward the end of 1966, the Dead signed to Warner Brothers Records, and they recorded their first studio album in January 1967. It was released in March under the name *The Grateful Dead* and reached #73 in the *Billboard* LP chart. (Initially only a modest seller, it went gold in 1971.)

The Dead appeared at the Monterey Pop Festival in June 1967. (They had a knack for being at the watershed concert events of the era, also turning up at Woodstock and Altamont in 1969, and at Watkins Glen in 1973.) During the San Francisco Summer of Love, the group spent relatively little time at home, instead touring through the Northwest, the Midwest and Canada. They also performed many free outdoor concerts in San Francisco, which endeared them to the growing legion of hippies inhabiting the city's Haight-Ashbury district.

Please see **GARCIA** page 72

on the artificial and the calculated—even while being hyped as cutting-edge and alternative—something this authentic and intelligent was, as always, still a real, valid alternative. It had never been anything but.

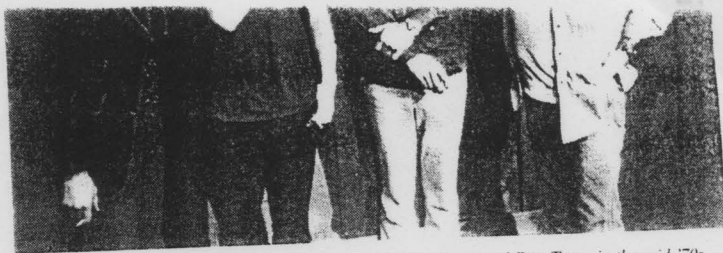
Garcia may have been right, you can't join the circus anymore, but you can still reach for the golden ring. And on this night, 30 years after they first plugged in as the Warlocks in a pizza parlor south of San Francisco, the Grateful Dead reached for, and grabbed, the golden ring.

I had made a deal with my cousin: We

we heard the strains of one of the Dead's most poignant and gorgeous ballads, "Brokedown Palace," off their 1970 *American Beauty* album. We stayed and listened to the rest of the song and then made a run for it.

I didn't know, of course, that that would be the last song—with its lyric "Fare you well, my only true one"—I would ever hear Jerry Garcia sing live. But it was a nice one to go out on.

Fare you well.



The Jerry Garcia Band, L-R: Nicky Hopkins, Garcia, John Kahn and Ron Tutt—in the mid-'70s

GARCIA from page 21

The Dead began recording their second album in September 1967. That month, they were joined by a second drummer, Mickey Hart. On October 2, narcotics agents raided the house at 710 Ashbury Street in San Francisco where the band lived communally with its managers and roadies. The bust came to nothing, but it was heavily publicized, adding to the Dead's countercultural image. (The group was busted again in New Orleans, and Garcia was arrested on drug charges as late as 1985.)

The Dead were in no hurry to finish their second album, which would feature live and studio performances mixed into an aural collage, but they did deliver a new single to Warner Brothers, and "Dark Star"/"Born Cross-Eyed" was released in April 1968. "Dark Star" featured lyrics by Robert Hunter, who had been recruited by Garcia to help write original material and who became a non-performing member of the group.

The Dead finally released their second album, *Anthem Of The Sun*, in July 1968, but it did not sell as well as their first. Their third album, *Aoxomoxoa*, released in June 1969, did not fare any better. (By this time, they had added a seventh member, keyboard player Tom Constanten, who stayed with the band until January 1970.)

Nevertheless, the Dead had begun to amass a notable following for their live shows, and they finally brought a representation of their concert appeal to vinyl with the release of the double-LP *Live/Dead* in November 1969. The album, frequently cited by Deadheads as the band's best ever, came near the end of a year during which they played 141 shows, a total beaten only by their 1970 schedule, when they did 145.

Nineteen-seventy marked a commercial apotheosis for the Dead. Their fifth album, *Workingman's Dead*, a more song-oriented, folk-rock effort influenced by the harmonies of Crosby, Stills and Nash, broke them through to a much larger following. It sold over a million copies, as did its companion, *American Beauty*, released in November. These were the albums that introduced such Garcia/Hunter compositions as "Uncle John's Band," "Dire Wolf," "Casey Jones" and "Ripple," as well as the Garcia/Lesh/Weir/Hunter song "Truckin'" that gave the band its motto, "What a long, strange trip it's been."

The Dead (reduced to the original quintet by the departure of Mickey Hart, whose father, acting as the band's manager, had embezzled money from them) played a more sensible 82 shows in 1971 and in October released a second double-live album, *Grateful Dead*, fre-

quently referred to as *Skull And Roses* because of its cover art. The same month, the Dead introduced a new keyboard player, Keith Godchaux, since Pigpen's appearances were becoming sporadic due to ill health. Godchaux's wife Donna later joined the group as a singer. (Pigpen died in 1973.)

The Dead never made records with the across-the-board appeal of *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty* again, but you can hear much the same approach on some of the material on Garcia's debut solo album, *Garcia*, released in January 1972, and Weir's debut solo album, *Ace*, released in May, both of which introduced material that remained in the band's repertoire permanently.

With the smaller number of Dead shows, Garcia, an obsessive player, had begun an alternate career as a bandleader in the early 1970s. His performances with keyboardist Howard Wales resulted in the 1971 album *Hooteroll?*. He also played with keyboardist Merl Saunders, resulting in the studio albums *Heavy Turbulence* and *Fire Up*, and the double album *Live At The Keystone* in 1973. (That album was reissued as a double-CD in 1988, as were two *Keystone Encores* discs.) Garcia would continue to perform in splinter groups throughout his life, including the bluegrass-oriented *Old And In The Way*, the Great American String Band, the Legion Of Mary, Reconstruction and successive editions of the Jerry Garcia Band. Only some of these configurations would be captured on record.

In addition, Garcia made numerous guest appearances on records by other artists. He virtually produced Jefferson Airplane's 1967 album *Surrealistic Pillow*, and also played guitar on it. He is also heard on the following albums: *Marrying Maiden*, by It's A Beautiful Day; *Tarkio*, by Brewer and Shipley; *Volunteers*, *Thirty Seconds Over Winterland* and *Early Flight*, by Jefferson Airplane; *Deja-vu*, by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young; the self-titled debut album by the New Riders Of The Purple Sage, its follow-up, *Powerglide*, *Oh What A Mighty Time*, *Before Time Began* and *Vintage NRPS* (Garcia also produced *Home, Home On The Road* for the band); *Excalibur*, by Tom Fogerty; *Blows Against The Empire*, by Paul Kantner; *Heavy Turbulence*, *Fire Up* and *Blues From The Rainforest*, by Merl Saunders; *Cross Between*, by Lamb; the self-titled album by James and the Good Brothers; *Songs For Beginners*, by Graham Nash; *If I Could Only Remember My Name*, by David Crosby; *Graham Nash/David Crosby*, the duo's first album together; Papa John Creach's self-titled debut solo album; the Rowan Brothers' self-titled album; *Sunfighter*, by Paul Kantner and Grace Slick; *Be What You Want To*, by Link Wray; *Demon In Disguise* and

Wanted Dead Or Alive, by David Bromberg; *Baron Von Tollbooth And The Chrome Nun*, by Paul Kantner, Grace Slick and David Freiberg; *Angel Clare*, by Art Garfunkel; *A Wing And A Prayer*, by Matt Kelly; *Replay*, by Crosby, Stills and Nash; *Uptown*, by the Neville Brothers; *The Light Of The Spirit*, by Kitaro; *Escape From Noise*, by Negativland; *Virgin Beauty*, by Ornnette Coleman; *Down In The Groove*, by Bob Dylan; *Watchfire*, by Pete Sears; *Stephen Stills 2*, by Stephen Stills; *Superstitious Blues*, by Country Joe McDonald; *Bluegrass Reunion*, by David Grisman and others; *Devout Catalyst*, by Ken Nordine; and, just recently, *Hot House*, by Bruce Hornsby and the forthcoming *Blue Incontinuation*, by Indian guitarist Sanjay Mishra.

The Dead's own next album was the three-record set *Europe '72*, released in November 1972, which became the band's second gold album by December. This was their final new release on Warner Brothers Records, though the label subsequently issued a live album, *History Of The Grateful Dead, Vol. 1 (Bear's Choice)*, in 1973, a greatest hits album, *Skeletons From The Closet* (now certified for sales of three million copies), in 1977, and a double-LP compilation, *What A Long Strange Trip It's Been*, in 1977.

Instead of signing to a new label, the Dead launched their own, Grateful Dead Records, which released their first new studio album in three years, *Wake Of The Flood*, in October 1973. A subsidiary, Round Records, released Garcia's second solo album, again titled *Garcia*, in June 1974.

(Deadheads would refer to the album as *Compliments Of Garcia* because that phrase appeared on promotional copies. The CD reissue would adopt the Deadheads' name.) The same month, the Dead released *Grateful Dead From The Mars Hotel*.

The Dead had developed an enormous sound system involving giant banks of speakers and dubbed "the Wall of Sound." Along with the cost of running their record company and financing their extended family, it was all becoming too much, and the group called a halt to touring after a series of dates at Winterland in San Francisco in October 1974. The last of those concerts featured former drummer Hart briefly sitting in with the band.

They solved their record company woes by entering into a distribution deal with United Artists Records, and in March 1975, one of their new releases was *Old And In The Way*, a live release by the Garcia spin-off group. The next Dead album, *Blues For Allah*, was released in September 1975.

Garcia's third solo album, *Reflections*, appeared in the early part of 1976. The Dead's last album on their own label (for the moment)

was *Steal Your Face*, a double-live record culled from the 1974 Winterland shows, released in June. (There was also a film based on the shows, *The Grateful Dead Movie*, which opened in June 1977.)

By mid-1976, having performed only five concerts in 1975, the Grateful Dead were back on the road. They also returned to the conventional record company fold, signing to Arista Records and even taking on producer Keith Olsen (who had worked with Fleetwood Mac) to make *Terrapin Station*, released in July 1977. Though it and its November 1978 follow-up, *Shakedown Street* (produced by Little Feat's Lowell George) would go gold, they did not find favor with Deadheads. (In between, Arista released Garcia's fourth solo album, *Cats Under The Stars*.)

In 1979, the Dead made a final attempt to act like a typical commercial rock 'n' roll band. They dismissed the Godchauxs, hired a new keyboard player, Brent Mydland, and made a third studio album for Arista, *Go To Heaven*, released in April 1980. But the album was ever less popular with Deadheads than its predecessors.

As in 1974, in October 1980, the Dead recorded and filmed a series of shows, this time at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco and Radio City Music Hall in New York City. These resulted in two double albums, *Reckoning* (April 1981) and *Dead Set* (August 1981) and a concert film, *Dead Ahead*, shown on Showtime and eventually (in another version) sold on home video.

In November 1982, Garcia released his final solo album, *Run For The Roses*, but for the most part the Grateful Dead stuck to the road in the early 1980s, introducing new songs on stage to their faithful and growing audience (notably the Garcia/Hunter composition "Touch Of Grey," with its chorus, "I will survive"), but essentially existing as a cult band outside the record industry and the glare of media.

This was something of a golden age for Deadheads, especially in retrospect. In October 1984, the Dead set up a special tapertape station behind the soundboard at their shows where Deadheads were allowed to bring their recording equipment and openly tape the shows.

During this period, the Dead's popularity grew. By the mid-1980s, they were playing football stadiums to satisfy their million fans. But in July 1986, the future was thrown into doubt when Jerry Garcia fell into a coma as a result of diabetes. After several days, Garcia regained consciousness, and a period of convalescence the Dead resumed work with renewed purpose. They final-

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